

You Look Like Art

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You Look Like Art

by [hendollana](#)

Summary

“Why did you like that art?” George interrupts, cutting Dream off with things he doesn’t think he can keep inside much longer.

“Huh?”

“The art you liked last night,” George stresses, and is already wishing he could backtrack, “Of me and you, of us, cuddling with our cats on the bed too.”

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or, Dream keeps liking DNF fanart and George can't keep pretending he isn't in love.

Notes

dream got me Thinking... anyway pining george is cute i hope u enjoyyyy

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

The Dream Fanart account is about to become the bane of George’s life, he thinks.

George doesn’t even *follow* the account and yet every time Dream decides to go on it and like fanart, his timeline insists he must know about it. Usually, George likes it, he likes seeing the cool fanart that gets made for Dream, thinks it’s genuinely really sweet that Dream’s gone out of his way to support the artists in their community.

Other times, it's a stark reminder that Dream sees and then *likes* fanart of him and George cuddling.

That wouldn't usually be a big deal either, not really, he knows Dream has liked fanart of them both before, but it feels different now. A lot of things feel different when it comes to Dream, lately.

George figures the most different thing is his own feelings towards Dream, most notably the fact that they go beyond friendship, probably much too much beyond friendship. That had been a slow change for George, had sort of snuck up on him, changing joking smiles when he asked Dream if he agreed with a dono calling him pretty to a nervous pit in his stomach, actually *wanting* Dream to agree.

Dream always does agree, and it does absolutely nothing to help George from thinking he might be half in love with the younger man, does fuck all to stop him thinking about being wrapped up in Dream's arms, head pressed to his chest to listen to his steady heartbeat, does everything to make George want Dream.

George kind of figures that he'd always end up in this position, pining over his best friend who lives an ocean away, figures that he was always bound to fall for Dream. Dream with his big smiles, and sharp cheekbones, and words to always make George smile, Dream with his love for everyone too big to express, and his kind attentiveness, always making sure George is okay, always making sure George laughs at least once that day.

Really, how could George *not* find himself staring longingly?

Maybe that's why Dream liking that particular fanart confuses him so much, borderline upsets him, makes him want to call Dream and scream down the phone, ask Dream why the *fuck* he's liking fanart of them cuddled up in a bed and why does it make George ache down to his fingertips.

George won't though, mainly because he'd think Dream would stare at him like he's losing his mind, and then gently, oh so kindly, explain that it's just fanart, and he'd only liked it because he thought the art work was good, quietly let George know that he's sorry it upset him, that he won't do it again.

And all George will do is fall further, fall deeper into love with Dream's soft tones and loving words, fall more and more until he's struggling to breathe, gasping for air when Dream smiles at him, knowing it means nothing to Dream, nothing more than a passing thought.

The sad truth of reality doesn't stop George from tearing his gaze away from where he has Dream__Fanart's likes up on his second monitor, the other with the familiar grey of Discord and an even more familiar unread message from Dream.

The art makes George feel fuzzy, a weird mix of longing and *needing*. George never thought he'd feel such pang of want looking at fanart of him and his best friend, never thought he'd stare so hard at the way the drawn version of Dream has his hand curled protectively in drawn George's hair he almost feels like crying over how badly he wants that in real life, never thought the idea of couples bracelets would fill his stomach with butterflies.

A lot of things have happened in George's life that he never thought would, and most of them revolve around Dream, George figures most good things do, as if Dream is the sun pulling everything in with warm arms and golden hair, and George has never felt more thankful and resentful at the same time for the pull of gravity.

George closes his Twitter tab with a sigh, smiling a little when he's faced with his cat as his

desktop background picture, and kind of wishes he still lived at home, so he could curl up in his bed with his nose pushed into soft fur and fall asleep without wishing he could hear Dream's soft snores in his ear.

Dream. George knows he should really answer the unread message from him, probably should have hours ago when he'd first woken up, but then he'd seen the fanart and hadn't been able to think about anything but how unfair it is to have feelings for your friend who doesn't reciprocate beyond fanservice.

George's eyes burn a little as he opens up his and Dream's Discord chat, and he doesn't know if it's from hours of staring at a computer screen or from months of repressed feelings, probably both. George shakes his head a little, hair fanning out as he does, trying his best to rid his mind of any stray pining thoughts before he opens up Dream's message.

It reads simple, a 'you up?', and that would usually make George giggle, think about the double edged implications of it. Not today though, not when he would do anything for Dream to mean both sides of the sword.

George types out a shaky yes, fidgeting with the edges of his hoodie sleeves whilst he waits for Dream to reply, bringing one of the draw strings up to his lips to chew on as he watches Dream's status change from idle to online.

He jumps a little in surprise when the all too familiar tune of an incoming call plays out his headphones, and George doesn't even really know why, knows that Dream is much more of a talker than a texter.

George clicks answer on the second ring, always does, probably always will.

"Hey," George says, hoping his voice doesn't give away any of the thoughts that have been making home is his mind for the last hour.

"Hi, you," Dream replies back, and George wonders if there'll ever be a day where the sound of Dream's voice doesn't make his stomach swirl.

"What's up?" George asks, still chewing a little on the plastic cap of his drawstring, a nervous habit not quite outgrown yet, "You need anything?"

"Can I not just want to talk to you?" Dream laughs, the sound filtering through George's ears like the birds chirping happily in the morning, making him feel warm and safe.

"Sure," George smiles, the drawstring falling out his mouth as he does, "But you usually want *something*."

George knows it's borderline not even true, knows that he and Dream have spent hours on calls before, talking about nothing and everything, from the way Patches stretches when she yawns to the way George resents everyone he went to high school with, knows that Dream usually wants nothing but George's company.

George just thinks he wants Dream to want.

"Oh, do I?" Dream says, and George knows if they had video on he'd see a cocky smile, laugh lines smug, lips George wants to kiss so bad it aches.

"Yep,"

“Ok, maybe I want to discuss a new video idea with you,” Dream agrees. George wants to be there with him, wants to lay in a bed together and talk about stupid videos until the sun is filtering through old blinds.

“For your channel or mine?” George inquires, pulling his knees up to his chest so he can gently rest his head on them, making himself feel small in a futile attempt to forget how much he hurts right now, smaller than usual when he’s talking to Dream anyway, but he sort of can’t process his emotions properly today, wants to *scream*.

“Eh, mine or yours,” Dream replies as George smiles a little at Dream’s Discord profile picture, reminds him of laughter so hard his stomach hurts, “Maybe mine, it’s been a while since we did a Minecraft but video on my channel.”

“Hm,” George nods, fingers going back to restlessly drawing patterns on his knees, “Fine by me, what sort of thing were you thinking?”

“I’m kind of tempted to do another weather type one, like the raining lava, or blackhole,” Dream starts, and George wishes he was paying better attention to what Dream is saying rather than how lovely his tone is when he speaks, “What do you think? I’m not sure, people might find them boring now.”

George resists the urge to scoff, instead rolls his eyes in a show Dream can’t see, “Nobody finds anything you do boring, silly,”

“Aw, George,” Dream coos a little, George wonders if Dream knows how it makes George’s fingertips tingle, “Aren’t you sweet?”

George is glad they don’t have video on, so Dream can’t point out the red blotches travelling up George’s neck and painting his cheeks a soft pink, wouldn’t be able to live down Dream asking why George is blushing over being called *sweet*.

“Shut up,” Is the reply George manages, but he knows it holds no real heat, knows Dream is aware of that too, “But for real, all of them sound good, you know they’ll do well too.”

“Yeah,” Dream murmurs a little, and George wants to put his head right on Dream’s neck when he rambles about stupid shit, wants to feel the rumble of his voice lull him to sleep, “You down to film it with me?”

“Course,” George replies quickly, probably too quickly for someone who’s trying to pretend he wouldn’t jump through hoops for Dream, “Just me, or Sapnap too?”

“Um, I think Sapnap’s busy most of this week,” Dream says, sounding a bit unsure, a bit more nervous than usual, “He’s filming stuff with Quackity I’m pretty sure, so just us, if that’s cool with you?”

George reckons he must be pretty good at hiding his feelings if Dream has to double check he’s okay with filming just the two of them, thinks he must be not letting it slip in the slightest that he’d just spent an hour staring at fanart of them and *wanting*.

“Yeah, that’s cool with me,” George laughs, turning his head into his knees a little as he does, “Do you need me to code a new plugin, or something?”

“Nah, I got it,” Dream replies softly, that one tone he usually uses late at night when George is half asleep and more vulnerable than usual, “Listen, there’s something else I want to talk about, if you’re up for it right now?”

George feels his stomach sink, dropping his knees from his chest as he sits up properly, heart pounding a little too fast for comfort as he stares intently at his monitor, mind racing, because *fuck*, what if Dream knows somehow? What if Dream had figured out that George wants to kiss him goodnight, wants Dream to whisper sweet nothings and praises into his ears until George is rose dusted all over, wants to call Dream his, just plain old *wants*.

“Uh, y-yeah,” George stutters a bit, and he knows he’s doing a shit job at hiding the panic coating his voice like thick childhood cough medicine.

“Hey, nothing bad,” Dream soothes quickly, but it does little to stop the anxious way George is tapping his nails on his desk, “Well, at least I hope not, but no need to worry or anything, we’re all good.”

George feels the chokehold of anxiety around his throat lessen a bit, knows that Dream wouldn’t say it’s nothing bad if it truly was something bad, but it doesn’t help the growing nervousness that feels so deep rooted it could be in George’s bones.

“Okay,” George breathes out, pulling his hands off his desk to stuff into his hoodie pocket, “Is everything okay though? Are you okay?”

“Yeah, I’m fine,” Dream says, and George can almost hear the gentle smile in his voice, “It’s actually you I wanted to ask that, I guess, so, are *you* okay George?”

The question takes George aback a bit, makes him wonder when the last time somebody asked him if he was okay and meant it, knows it was probably Dream that time as well. George doesn’t even know how to answer, does know if he *is* okay, isn’t sure if okay equals wanting to cry yourself to sleep over your feelings for your best friend, doesn’t think okay is getting angry over said best friend liking fanart of them cuddled in bed, unaware that that’s all George wants, *needs*.

George figures he probably isn’t okay, but he can’t tell Dream that, can’t tell Dream he doesn’t think he’ll be fully okay until Dream rejects him so he can peacefully move on, or cry for a good few weeks whilst pretending everything is fine.

He hates lying to Dream, but sometimes it’s a protective necessary.

“Yeah, of course I am,” George replies, faux confidence evident in his voice, “Why wouldn’t I be?”

“I don’t know,” Dream replies, and George thinks he’s probably doing that little one shoulder shrug he does, shoulders George wants to wrap his arms around and press his face into, “You just seem a little off, I guess, lately?”

“Oh,” George says back quietly, voice meek and out of character, because he didn’t think Dream would have noticed any change in him, thought he was better at hiding his feelings than that, “I’m fine, really, sorry for worrying you.”

Dream groans, sound travelling through George’s headphones, “Don’t be sorry, you idiot, I just hope you know you can talk to me, like about anything, I’ll just sit and listen whilst giving you absolutely great advice.”

George laughs, the sound cutting through the sadness clouding his thoughts, “Sure you will.”

“I’m not joking!” Dream exclaims, laughing right back with George, and for a minute everything feels normal and not the weird feeling of change that George is all too used to recently, “Seriously, anything you want to talk about, I’m here, you’ve just seemed distracted and a bit sad, so I just

want to make sure you're okay."

How caring Dream is makes the situation worse in a way, makes George want to forget any reasons why telling Dream he wants more than friendship would be a bad thing whilst also making George want to shut up in case he accidentally spills anything, makes him never want to lose Dream, makes him realise he's fighting a losing battle.

"I, fuck, I don't know," George manages to get out, feeling a bit sick from the anxiety coursing through his veins, "I am fine, like, physically or whatever."

"Okay," Dream says softly and slowly, as if he's calculating in his head, "But physical health isn't the only important thing, Georgie, so are you saying you're not okay mentally?"

George feels himself wanting to scream in frustration for the third time that night, wants to scream until Dream stops being this perfect, caring and understanding human being and instead realises that George wants to ruin their friendship, wants Dream to want to ruin it too.

"No, no, I'm fine mentally too," George replies, thinks Dream can probably tell how stressed he is, "It's nothing, nothing important anyway, I'll get over it soon, it's just a stupid personal problem."

A stupid person problem that revolves around wanting to date his best friend, but personal nonetheless.

"It's important to me if it's bothering you," Dream starts, and George almost wants to cry over how caring he is, "I get if you don't want to talk about it, or if you just don't want to talk about it to me, but I might be able to help, I don't want you to be stressed out, and I won't find it stupid or anything, you know that-"

"Why did you like that art?" George interrupts, cutting Dream off with things he doesn't think he can keep inside much longer.

"Huh?"

"The art you liked last night," George stresses, and is already wishing he could backtrack, "Of me and you, of *us*, cuddling with our cats on the bed too."

"Oh," Dream replies, voice quiet, "Do you not like it? Do you want me to unlike it, or something?"

George wants to cry, because of course Dream's first thought is how George feels, if George would like it unliked to feel better, as if that's why George is even asking.

"No, it's fine, it's good art, I just," George rambles, tripping over his words in a need to convey emotions he doesn't even know how to speak out loud, "*Why* did you like it in the first place?"

"It's good art, like you said," Dream replies, sheepish.

George sighs, knew it would be like this, tries to hide his disappointment when he next speaks, "Is that really the only reason?"

"George," Dream says, voice strained, George almost feels frustrated tears build in his eyes, "Can we turn on video?"

"What? Why?"

"Because I prefer being face to face when I tell someone something important," Dream explains,

sounding almost as nervous as George feels, “And this next thing I have to say is pretty important.”

George actually wants the ground of his bedroom to open up wide and swallow him whole, anything to stop the way his fingers shake as he puts a hand on his mouse, ready to click accept for a video call, could never say no to Dream.

“Yeah,” George whispers in reply, and his reaction to answering the video call is almost as quick as the amount of time Dream had taken to start it.

Dream’s face pops up on his screen as if he was made to be there, and of course he looks unfairly good right now, clearly just out a shower with his hair damp where it curls on his forehead and around his ears, eyes looking at George in something between concern and anticipation, and George wants to reach out and *touch*, wants to count the freckles scattered across Dream’s cheeks and compare them to his favourite constellations, wants to run a finger across his lips until he’s begging Dream to kiss him.

“Hey,” George says, not voicing any of those thoughts right now.

“Hi,” Dream replies back, smiling fondly at George, unaware of how it makes George’s heart skip a beat, “You look nice,”

George scoffs, pressing his face into the cuffs of his hoodie, hiding the blush on his cheeks, “Thanks, you too,”

“I mean it,” Dream emphasises, making George remove his view from his own hands to the way Dream is looking at him through the monitor, differently than usual, “You look really pretty, you always do, especially when you blush.”

George thinks he’s being tested by a divine god right now, being put through painful and cruel trails until he cracks and commits the seven deadly sins, and wonders how he’s meant to sit and listen as Dream compliments him and not feel upset over it.

“Seriously, stop,” George replies, voice wobbling a bit.

“No, fuck, I’m trying to say the thing,” Dream rushes out, and he’s blushing a bit now too, probably embarrassed, “About why I liked the fanart.”

“Okay,” George replies, heart pounding so hard he can hear it over his headphones, hands sweaty where they lay on his lap, “I don’t really understand what me being pretty has to do with it.”

“Everything,” Dream laughs, head tipping back a bit, jaw that George wants to kiss on show, “Well, not everything, but a lot. I guess, fuck, it’s everything about you, not just that you’re pretty, stunning, gorgeous, which you are, but it’s everything else too, the way your eyes crinkle when you’re laughing, or the way you care *so* much about everyone, and just remember all these little details, stupid shit that nobody but you remembers, and you smile at me, or ask me how my day was and I just feel like the luckiest person in the world to have your attention,”

George’s heart is still pounding, almost pressing against his ribs, but now for a different reason, for the way Dream is pouring his heart out, saying things George has only wished of having the courage to say himself.

“I think you don’t even realise,” Dream continues, and George watches with childish glee as his eyes sparkle as he talks, “You don’t even know how special you are, how iI feel like I’ve hit the jackpot just by knowing you, and I want more, of fucking course I want more, how could I act like I do around you and *not* want more?”

George is smiling so wide his cheeks hurt, tears not going to fall but making themselves known and Dream is smiling right back at him, sharp canines on show as he laughs a bit disbelievingly.

“Sorry, that was a lot,” Dream grins, bringing a big hand up to sweep through his hair, “The fanart, right, I guess I liked it because I wish that were us, I wish you were in my arms, and you were *mine*, and I was going to say I understand if you don’t want that, but you’re smiling at me right now like I’ve just given you a thousand gifted subs so now I think you do want that too.”

“Yeah, Dream,” George smiles, hand reaching out to press against where Dream’s face is on his screen, “I want that.”

Being in Florida feels like a dream come true, being in Dream’s arms feels even better.

It’s just as warm as George had imagined, the weather and the heat of Dream’s hand resting gently in his hair, curling little strands around his fingers as the fan hums softly in the background.

Patches lays curled by their feet, and George feels a little bit sad that Cat isn’t there too, but he supposes somethings are best in art, would have felt way too guilty taking his cat on a four thousand mile plane ride.

It feels surreal in a way, to be wrapped up in his boyfriend's arms, even the word boyfriend still seems a bit like an alternate reality that George never thought he’d find himself in. Surreal yes, but he doesn’t think happy even begins to describe how he’s feeling.

“Love you,” George mumbles into the soft fabric of Dream’s shirt, his new happy place to be.

“Love you too,” Dream replies, leaning his head down a little to press a kiss into George’s hair, and George can feel his smile as he does, “Any particular reason for letting me know?”

“Idiot,” George laughs, pushing up a little so he’s facing Dream now, gazing at the pretty slope of his nose, “This is like the fanart.”

“Ha,” Dream laughs, the hand in George’s hair going down a little to rub soothingly between George’s shoulder blades, “Yeah, it is,”

“It’s nice,” George replies, tilting his head a little to ask for a kiss.

Dream answers by connecting their lips together gently, he always does when they’re like this, soft in the morning light, their cat purring quietly next to them, when everything feels right in the world, when he’s with the love of his life.

“Everything with you is nice.”

End Notes

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